

Sunday, November 23

IT happened AGAIN... AGAIN AGAIN AGAIN  
Two FUCKING hours of debating what to fucking eat; sitting in the car just not feeling anything. No drive, no emotion, barely any hunger. I hate the thought of eating anything anymore. I'm 134 lbs of plasma. I went 20-22 hours without eating on Thanksgiving; NOTHING. This has been going on for a year and a half. Stress and depression is at an all-time high. I just want to fucking die.

I don't want to work anymore. I don't want to breathe or blink anymore. I don't want to deal with anyone anymore. The 2013 curse is a hell of a strong one. I never thought one bad year would linger 3 years later, but the thing is... I like it... I LOVE it. I love the darkness, the sadness, the abyss of it all; sinking into the depths of the dead. It's literally a drug. I won't fight it because it's where I belong. I fucking love that place... I love it... I love it so much that I'll write this sentence out in cursive. I fucking hate cursive. It looks neat but FUCK IS IT a pain to read and write. I like it though cuz it's more girly. To be honest, I haven't physically written this much on physical paper since... middle school...? Thank you computers.